CONSOLATION
TO
MIRA MOURNING.
A
POEM.

Discovering a certain Governor's Intreigue with a Lady at his Court.

Printed and Sold by the Bookfellers of *London* and *Westminster*. 1710.

Price 2 Pence.

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WHy thus disguis'd? Ah! Why's thy lovely Face
Which Blooming Beuty's Native Sweets do grace.
In sullen Sables hid? Why do's my Fair
Array in Garb of Sorrow and Despair?
Why, like that Planets fair tho' Feebler Light
Which th' absent Sun supply's, and rules the Night;
When Cast in Clouds: Are you behind that Skreen?
And Dreadful Night why quite around you seen?
Let Robes Empyreal thy bright Beuty's hide,
And Gems in borrow'd Lustre from thee Pride;
These suite you best: For you like Angels bright
Shine forth in Darkness, and Contemn that Night.

Thus Faireſt Nymph, let Fair with Fair agree,
Match bright to bright, throw by Death's Livery:
That let the Wretch'd, or gloomy ſorr'wing Wear,
For ill become ſuch masks the ſhineing fair.
But Hark! Ah me! Undon! What do I hear?
A rending ſigh aſcends and Wounds my Ear
From your fair breaſt Emitted; Do you grieve?
What diſmal Cauſe? Can't *Calidor* relieve?
Can't I redreſs your Wrongs, your Burthen's bear,
And in your ſuff'rings more than take a Share?
What loſs? What Baneful Sorrow dares poſſeſs
My *Mira's* Breaſt? And Blend her happineſs
With Wo's and Tears, and make thee once all Gay
Thoſe ghaſtly Dreadful Banners thus diſplay?
That melt my harden'd Heart into ſoft ſighs,
And force this flood from my Relentleſs Eyes.
O! ope your Griefs my Love, and let me know
The too dire Cauſe of all this Deadly Woe;
And let my Breaſt a ſafe Aſylum be
For all thy Cares, for all thy Wrongs and thee.
I am alas! for tenderneſs unfit,
And ſooner with diſtorting rage can Split

Them

Than melt or ſigh, or ſhew leaſt ſign's of Grief,
From which th' Unmanly onely ſeek relief.
Wrath's my ſole Province, and revenge my Sphere,
Cruelty's my Darling, and m' averſions fear.
Give me your Wrongs Revenge then. You ſhall find,
I'll raiſe a Storm ſhall Blaſt all human kind.
I'll be an Horrid Fury in your Cauſe,
I'll Spurn and break thro' all the Cobwebb Laws,
I'll Laugh at dying Groanes of murther'd Blood,
I'll Kindle Dreadful Flames, and when the Flood
Its Banks o're flow's, and with Impetuous Roul
Do's in vaſt Chataracts Immerſe the Whole,
With Joy I'll view't; nay Peſtilence and Sword
Shall Deſolation bring; if theſe my Word
With Boiſtrous tempeſts Miniſters of Ire
On your behalf can Conjure to Conſpire;
I'll move 'em all; I will at nothing Start
My Injur'd Nymph to Right, I'll play my part:
Each Object that Obſtructs me I'll Remove,
And Clear a Stage whereon to play my Love.
I'll kill that Man who dares my Aims Controul.
Ha! ——————
he Starts and Weeps a freſh! what! —Rous'd my Soul.

A Guilty Conſcience Fly's into my Face,
And late Spilt Blood aloud ſounds my Diſgrace:
I know not what to ſay: —— The Cauſe appear's,
And I'm th' Unhappy Author of her Fears.
Yet to Repent o'th' fact is now too late,
And to bemoan with her, Effeminate.
Beſides ſhe kno's my guilt, tho' now her Fears
Make her Rebuke me onely with theſe Tears,
Which more than well Revenge her; For my Heart
With the Crimes Vengeance can't more quickly Smart.
Yet Shan't my Paſſion for her plead my Cauſe?
That will I urge, and urge Dame Natures Laws
Which teach us for our ſafety to provide,
And to our ſelf defence our actions guide.
My Life ſo bound to love I will inſiſt
The one apart from t'other can't ſubſiſt;
And if the Later's barr'd, the former ſtreight
Into nights Deadly Regions Wings her flight.
I'll then perſwade, That onely for her ſake
I hugg that Life her Love did put to ſtake,
Still to Love on; And that it 'ere ſheu'd be
To her Devoted, for her ſervice free:

Can

Can ſhe then Blame? —No! Th' act ſhe muſt approve
Which iſſued from, and Nouriſhes her Love:
She muſt applaud it, and ſhe muſt forgive
That my poor Rival dy'd that I may Live.
Your Griefs upbraid me *Mira* with the Crime
That *Candor* fell by me in Youthful prime,
That Fetter'd *Sacer* too ſecure ly's bound,
Who well deſerves 't that dares our ſecrets ſound,
That dares our Privacy's attempt to Spy,
And in t' our, Interviews dares Slily Pry.
For where 'ere Love Inſpires, there Hatred Arms
To tear all Rival from her *Breaſt* who Charms.
My Love thus arm'd my Hatred to Undo
The man who ſtood Competitor for you,
Who marr'd my plott, who Croſs'd my Cloſe intregue,
And thwarted me when bent upon a League
With you my Charmer, Robber of my reſt,
My thoughts dear Idol, all my Soul Love's beſt.
Can you then Blame? If aught you Blame my Love
Which thus has urg'd me, Cruelty to prove
How much I burn, how eagerly I haſt
Our Souls dear Bands to make ſo freely faſt;

That I may 'n Raptures Rush into your Arms,
And Glutt my Love on your Resistless Charms.
The Spicy Odours of your breath one while
That I may suck, and Revel on your Smile.
That I full Draughts of Balmy sweets may press
From your Ripe Cherry Lipps, till in th' Excess
Like Gods in Nectar I drink happiness.
May on thy Cheek behold that fresh blown rose,
Whose red the Lillys pale do's so Compose,
Which most Excels in Blooming sweets to sight,
Can't be determin'd well by Mortal Wight;
Because above your Guardian Flameing Eyes
Ward off and awe our Looks with like surprize,
As when the Sun appears in Brightest Rays,
We Feebly on the Glorious Planet gaze.
May Feast my Senses, Drench my Soul in Joys.
Until the Pleasure, Soul and Senses Cloys;
Then weary'd rest awhile, yet still in view
Those Dear delights keep hourly to Renew:
Uninterrupted thus with you to toy,
That I my Love may wholy thus Enjoy;

't've dealt to one his Death to t'other Chains:
And Cur'd my Breaſt of Jealouſy's worſt pains.
Elſe whilſt your *Candor*, or that *Sacer* Free
Cou'd interpoſe 'twixt you my Dear, and me,
I'd nere poſſeſs a Scope of ſo much Bliſs;
Nor 'ere ſhou'd brag of Happineſs like this.
To this but add, that Nature bidds us be
Of life not Laviſh, which in high'ſt Degree
She bidds us Cheriſh, for ſhe freely gave
And freely muſt when ſhe Recalls it, have.
Then what's thus free that Violence may'nt preſs,
Or of her Seat attempt to diſpoſſeſs,
She with due Care by Laws 'gainſt Force provid's
For ſelf defence, and that Defence ſhe guid's
To preſervation of thoſe Frames intire,
Wherein ſhe moulds our Souls by Heav'nly Fire.
Then how this Rule, this Principle of Life
Arm's and provid's us againſt outward ſtriſe
You ſee, and that t'obey it, all do's bind
The firſt Oblidging Law on Humand kind.
I plead not thus for Life, (do not miſtake)
Which I 'ore value onely for your Sake;

I do but ſhew what Nature makes us do,
And trace the Paths ſhe marks out to purſue.
Now, to what purpoſe I do ſhew this Life
To be well warded thus 'gainſt Force or Strife
I next ſhall tell: Shall tell the danger whence
This Care of Life with me did firſt Commence.
You kno' my *Mira*, all my actions prove,
That you're the End and Center of my Love.
You kno' my paſſion kindled by a Spark
From your bright Eyes, lay quench'd long in the dark;
Becauſe the tyes, becauſe the Vow's you made
Made me to dread your quiet to invade:
Until at length determin'd to be bold
I did my Paſſion dareingly Unfold,
I urg'd my Suff'rings, did my Pains diſplay;
I ſhew'd my Wounds, and for a Cure did pray.
Thus ſtiffled Plaints burſt out and reach'd your Ears,
Your tender Heart compaſſion ſhew'd in tears:
You melting ſay'd, you ſhall no longer Kneel,
I pitty now for *Calidor* do feel;
And your ſoft paſſion told of Force muſt hear,
But yet Alas! my vow's to break I fear,

And fear your Love Encouragement to give:
However this I'll ſay, deſpair not, Live.
Ah! *Calidor.* —— And then a tender ſigh
Did interrupt your Words, whilſt I drew nigh
With haſt and Joy thoſe ſacred Lipps to kiſs,
For that Dear Doom, which rais'd my hopes to Bliſs.
I kiſs, I graſp, adore, you ſuffer all.
With Countleſs thanks I bleſs, and proſtrate fall.
You genty raiſe me, and to my ſurprize
You Showr glad pitty from your Loveing Ey's.
O *Mira!* this ſhall never be Forgott,
No ſtain's ſhall that Dear Minute ever Blott
Out of Old times Records, for it ſhall be
For ever Sacred there to Love and me.
This I my Fav'rite Æra 'ere ſhall Count,
And place in times Regiſter Paramont;
This Hour, this Dear Gay hour for ever Bleſt;
That fixt m' an Anchor firm for Future Reſt:
Shall be my Feſtival, ſhall be each Year,
As oft as the Revolving Sun Draws near
My time of Joy, my time of Jubilee,
And that glad time when from all Cares I'm Free
But from the beſt of Cares, my Love; and thee.

For then 'twas *Mira* me glad tydeings gave,
That ſhe from Death her *Calidor* wou'd ſave.
Who in Obedience to your Sacred Voice,
Muſt in that Life you gave him ſtill Rejoyce.
Who muſt preſerv't, and by all actions prove
A due ſubmiſſion, and an Awful Love.
Thus 'tis your Love that Life Endears to me,
And 'ere ſubſervient makes that Life to thee.
For when my Love (If that can ever Ceaſe)
Is at an End, Life firſt muſt looſe its pace,
And ſtop Loves Courſe awhile, which in bleſs'd ſhades
Beneath Reviv's, and naught 'ere more invades.
As I my *Mira* have then heretofore
Shewn you my Life thus Dear on Loves ſole Score,
I now ſhall ſtrive to prove, and plainly ſhew
That you're the onely Aut'or of your Woe.
For if from Death you me had not thus freed,
Your *Candor* ſtill had Liv'd, and n'ere ſhou'd Bleed
By my poor Means, but that he muſt or I
If I had n't Ceaſe to Love, ſubmit to dye:
And if to That I h'd ſtoopt, then ſure 'tis plain
Your Dread Commands to Live I ſhou'd Diſdain:

Or

Or if I Live, I then as ſure muſt Love,
For Love and Life inſeparably move;
And whoſo 'ere the one attempts t' allay,
Muſt in that Inſtant t'other drive away.
This plainly proves that in my ſelf defence
Your *Candor* Dy'd, and I'm all Innocence:
And am Obedience too to your Commands,
By which alone my Life ſubſiſts and ſtands;
Since Natures Eldeſt Laws and your Dread voice
Have made me yield thus to delib'rate Choice,
Tis Juſt that he the Bleeding Victim be,
Who dares the freedom fruſtrate you give me.
For had he Liv'd I cou'd not then obey,
And Love and therefore Life wou'd waſt away
In a dull Inactivity my day.
And who with Patience cou'd that Life purſue,
From which no ſervice cou'd Redound to you.
For as all vain Unactive Faith do's prove,
So proves in vain Unſerviceable Love.
Thus then's the Cauſe my Love for which you grieve,
Which your own Retroſpect can ſoon Relieve;
For wou'd you Judge impartially you'd find
My ſelf defence is mingled with my Kind,
My Love for you with that: Then your Command
Abſolves me from the guilt wherewith you brand;
And whereof I am Innocent and Free,
If theſe fixt tyes can yet Enforceive be
Which Love and Life ſo Faſt and firmly bind,
That both alike Impreſs my Yielding mind.
Beſides all this, my Dear conſider well:
Tho' *Candor* (as you think unjuſtly) fell,

There yet Remains a Lover who for you.
Shall all that's in his power ever do.
Believe him too ſufficient to do more,
To Love, to Pleaſe, to Cheriſh and Adore,
Than *Candor*, 'ere cou'd for his Love obtain,
Therefore you've loſt the leſs the more to gain.
You've gain'd a Man, who ſhall for ever be
Both true and conſtant to his Vows and thee.
Shall all his Arts addreſs your Heart to pleaſe,
To ſooth your Cares, and all your trobles Eaſe;
Your Mind to calm, your Soul in Mirth and Joy
And in refined Pleaſures to Employ.
Beyond your wiſhes theſe ſhall all attend,
And yield the innumerably unto th' End.
First that no Rival in my Breaſt with you
May dare to ſtrive, *Amalea* I'll undo;
For this to Love and Gratitude is due:
That ſince of *Candor* I did you bereave,
Amalea Calidor to you ſhou'd Leave;
And by like Force your Lover ſhou'd ſett free,
To dedicate my ſelf intire to thee.
She ſhan't Reſiſt, ſhe's wither'd and grown old,
In ſervice ſlow, and in my Love grown cold:
So taken up with Childiſh Idle play
Her time at Toys ſhe wholy throws away;
And uſeleſs thus deſcends into decay.
Nor can ſhe now as formerly to gain
Me Friends or Intereſt Minute entertain
So laviſh and profuſe of all the gets,
At all, (mean follys) all the gains ſhe ſetes

There-

herefore ſhe dyes, ſhe ſhall I have decreed
n Juſtice to my freſh reſentments Bleed.
Let you my Love then, all my Ends purſue,
nd I'll purvey for pleaſures Worthy you.
ereas do's continue me in place
nd freſh grown Honours my ag'd Temples Grace.
he gives the Crown, the Chief and ſole Command
f *Folla's* tract that Fair inviteing Land;
Vhere hurtful Venom n'ere the Hallow'd ſoyle
nnoy's, or Robbs the Swain of Life or Toyle.
Vhere temp'rate Colds allay the Dogſtar heat,
nd gentleſt Zephyrs on Rough Billows beat.
r there Senate elſe ſhou'd ſo Compoſe,
hat all ſhe'd wiſh for I cou'd ſoon Oppoſe:
nd raiſe ſuch Factions to diſturb her State,
he well may fear I might annihilate
er Rule, nay Life; which ſhe but at my will
y Tennant holds. But that t'avert this Ill
he gives this Limb, and prays me to partake
ith her in Rule; which onely for your ſake
do accept: That you may there Command,
nd weild that Sceptre with your Royal Hand.
here you my Love, by your all ſoothing Charm
our *Calidor's* Fierce foes ſhall ſo diſarm,
hat naught in th' Iſle but Peaceful Joy ſhall Reign,
nd naught your Life or mine but Bliſs Contain.
All *Alba* then ſhall but at diſtance ſee,
nd Envy us our grand Felicity.
rena's ſelf ſhall wiſh ſhe cou'd Enjoy
ch Hours of Eaſe, ſuch Calm and Peaceful Joy.

Her

Her Grands, her Chiefs, her Miniſters ſhall Rue,
That ſo much Bliſs Devolv's on me and you;
And gladly wou'd their higheſt Stations here
(In vain) Exchange for our ſmall Princedom there:
Which free from Faction and from Noiſe we'll hold,
By nothing Injur'd, and by none Controul'd.
Yet this *Seren*'and they will gladly give,
That tkey at Eaſe at home may from me Live.
For not to brag I ſay't, her State ſecure
Not long ſhou'd from my deep deſigns Endure,
Her *Sappho* long his well fraught head to wear
Inſpight of all his Indempnit'ys ſhou'd fear.
Her *Victor* and his high aſpireing Dame
Shou'd Dread a ſudden Eclypſe on their Name:
Nay ev'ry Darling, ev'ry Favorite
Shou'd trembling fear a fall, or Fatal hit
From my Dire Rage, my Malice, or my Pow'r;
But that Content with you in Happy hour,
To that Bleſs'd Clime, I and my ſtrength retire
My Love to Cheriſh, ever, and Admire.

F I N I S.

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